Solan. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fidge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salar. Thats certaine, if the Devill may be her Iudge.

Shy. My own fleſh and bloud to rebell.

Sola. Out upon it old Carrion, rebels it at theſe yeares.

Shy. I ſay my daughter is my fleſh and my bloud.

Solari. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, then between Jet and Ivorie, more between your blouds, then there is between Red wine and Rennish: but tell us, do you heare whether *Anthonio* have had any loſſe at ſea or no?

Sby. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was uſd to come ſo ſmug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me Uſurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curſie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am ſure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh, whats that good for?

Shyl. To bait fiſh withall, if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reaſon, I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, demenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Summer as a Chriſtian is: if you prick us, do we not bleed, if you tickle us, do we not laugh; if you poyſon us, do we not die, and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge, if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Iew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why revenge? The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my Maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Saleri. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unleſſe the Devill himſelfe turne Iew. *Exeunt Gentlem.*

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*, haſt thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot find her.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone coſt me two thouſand Ducats in *Franckford*, the curſe never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thouſand Ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare: would ſhe were hearſt at my foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin: no news of them, why ſo? and I know not whats ſpent in the ſearch: why thou loſſe upon loſſe, the theefe gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighs, but a my breathing, no teares but a my ſhedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men have ill lucke to, *Anthonio*, as I heard, is in *Genowa*?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wrak.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, heere in *Genowa*.

Tuball. Your daughter ſpent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one night foureſcore Ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtickſt a dagger in me, I ſhall never ſee my gold againe, foureſcoure Ducats at a ſitting, foureſcore Ducats.

Tuball. There came divers of *Anthonio's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that ſweare he cannot chuſe but breake: